

The Quarterly Notebook

EDITED BY ALFRED FOWLER

June



1916

The Art of John Masefeld . . . W. G. BLAIKIE-MURDOCH
Awoi No Uye . . . EZRA POUND
The Man Who Saved Stevenson . . . N. TOURNEUR

CORRESPONDENCE:

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ANNOTATIONS

Homage to Watteau is the title of a fascinating appreciation of Antoine Watteau by Mr. Blaikie-Murdoch to appear in the next (July) issue of *The Quarterly Notebook*. In the author's words, this appreciation "is the result of many years study and wanderings throughout Europe in search of the master's pictures." It will be of value both to students of Watteau and to amateurs interested in his art. Among other features, the number will present a paper entitled *Ivories*, by Mr. Tourneur, and an essay by Miss Miriam Allen de Ford entitled *Synge and Borrow: A Contrast in Method*. Readers may also be interested in knowing that Mr. Dard Hunter is preparing a paper on Ancient Type-founding to appear in an early issue. The publishers hope to substantially enlarge future issues.

The July issue will bring *The Quarterly Notebook* up to its schedule for 1916. Thereafter it will appear regularly in March, June, October, and December.

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JOHN MASEFIELD

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The Quarterly Notebook

VOLUME I

JUNE, 1916

NUMBER 1

THE ART OF JOHN MASEFIELD

By W. G. BLAIKIE-MURDOCH

Waiving the men of the popular school, there are few English writers to-day, of the younger generation, enjoying a wider fame than Mr. John Masefield. Indeed his verse has won a more general homage, probably, than has been accorded to any poet since the time, fifteen or twenty years ago, when enthusiasm was elicited by Mr. Stephen Phillips. And notwithstanding her proverbial love of reticence—that love which long inhibited the staging, in London, of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, likewise begetting a harvest of wrath for Swinburne and Rossetti—England has even pardoned the indelicacy, if not coarseness, frequent in her new idol's work; or, at least, she has said next to nothing against it. That ready pardon, no doubt, is not really difficult to account for, inasmuch as this element in the author has nothing of the character, usually described as French, which is so hateful to the Anglo-Saxon race; while as far as it from reflecting morbidity, appearing rather to be just the overflowing of a somewhat bucolic temperament, a thing singularly dear to normal Englishmen. But Mr. Masefield's almost worldwide reputation as a great master—is this justified by the presence of truly fine qualities in his already voluminous output?

It is a very varied output, too. For if it is by his narrative and lyrical poems, his plays and novels, that Mr. Masefield has chiefly gained his laurels, there stand to his credit also two little books of prose sketches, a slim volume of reminiscences of Synge, and a portly history of the doings of the early adventurers in South America; while he has contributed editorial

matter to several classics, having written besides a study of Shakespeare. These critical writings are scarcely remarkable, being neither much better nor worse than most analogous things by other men. But, throughout the rest of the author's work, there is found a curiously pronounced chiaroscuro, as it were, strength and weakness being juxtaposed here to a signally striking degree. On the one hand, Mr. Masfield is that very rare person, a brilliant teller of tales, ever unfolding them, whether in verse or prose, with a splendid verve; while, on the other hand, he displays a distinct lack of a passion for form.

Mr. Masfield has been much extolled for his realism, the convincing vividness of some of his scenes—for instance, those in *Dauber* where the rounding of Cape Horn is described—while he has been applauded as keenly for the apparent ease with which he does everything. In all art, however, realism, the transcription of life, is only a stepping-stone towards a goal—the creation of beauty; and the true master is perhaps best defined as the man who, abnormally perceptive of the difference between a tub and a Grecian urn, triumphantly evolves the latter from the former. To do this—to take a part of life, the tub, and shape it into something beautiful, the Grecian urn—he brings his sense for form; and to show a callousness towards this last, to suggest contentment with mere realism, is among the gravest of limitations. Echoing Sir Joshua Reynolds, Whistler has deified those works which, like Mr. Masfield's, seem to have been made quite easily: those from which “all signs of the means used to bring about the end have disappeared.” But, then, it must be remembered, the disclosing of signs of labour, and the adumbration of a passionate searching for beauty, are two distinctly different things. Setting aside completely the kind of men generally known as “classicists”—Bach, for example, in music, Ingres in painting, Gray in literature, their respec-

tive works often engaging largely by mere fineness of form—the indication of a strenuous preoccupation with artistry is salient in most of the greatest masters. Its presence, in Velasquez, is one of the very things setting him above Hals, whose pictures never hint markedly at artistic aspiration; while the mighty Greek sculptors tower head and shoulders above Rodin, by no means because they appear to have gained their effects more easily than he, but because they signify a more fervent ardour in questing for these effects. How readily, too, comes to mind the thought of Virgil or Catullus, Tennyson or Keats, dreaming with a parent's fondness of some cadence lately achieved, pondering endlessly on the intrinsic loveliness of this child of his creation; whereas it is hard, if not impossible, to imagine Mr. Masefield engaged in that way. And like Moore and Rogers in the field of verse, Borrow and Trollope in that of prose, he seems content to tell his tale, taking no artist's pride the while in his manner of telling. It is felt that the writer, being unaccustomed to finding himself confronted with technical difficulty—that most bracing of influences, which did so much for Walter Pater—seldom or never pauses to weigh what he has wrought, the mere fact that a thing has been done easily being inimical, in large measure, to its doing being followed by the act of ruthless criticism.

Nor are these strictures based on isolated passages in the author's work, instead of on the general impression received from it. Henley once wrote an apotheosis of Byron, wherein, taking his hero's strongest passages, and setting them beside Tennyson's weakest, he showed conclusively, to his own satisfaction at all events, that Byron is a much grander poet than Tennyson. Now, by this method, it were easy to heap scorn on virtually the whole of the world's greatest singers; for there are few of these but have written certain ludicrously bad lines or verses, Tennyson being one who sinks particularly low, as

also do Wordsworth and Shelley. Nevertheless, with this trio, the flaws are easily forgiven or forgotten, contributing scarcely at all to forming the main contours of the remembrance, carried away after reading any one of the three poets. But, on the contrary, just as Rossetti's feeble draughtsmanship colours the souvenir retained in the mind after seeing his pictures,—exquisite as they are in endless ways,—so, too, Mr. Masfield's weaknesses are prone to linger in the memory as persistently as his merits. It is maintained by some of his journalistic eulogists, whose facile comments are duly printed as addenda to his books, that he has often triumphed just where Stevenson failed conspicuously. Only, has he not failed too, just where Stevenson repeatedly triumphed? both having written things in which the evoking of a given atmosphere is reasonably and naturally looked for, almost as an essential quality, and Stevenson's craft therein far transcending Mr. Masfield's. Even to people who are personally unacquainted with the Scottish Highlands and Hebrides, their peculiar glamour is an actuality, with such great ability is it marshalled in *Kidnapped*, clinging to the story like a perfume; while in *Catriona* every page is charged unmistakably with a savour of the eighteenth century, readers being forced to feel themselves indeed living in that period. How little sense of Japan, however, dwells in Mr. Masfield's tragedy, *The Faithful*! how little sense of the seventeenth century in *Captain Margaret*! while in that novel, as in the far better one, *The Street of To-day*, the characters act with a flagrant inconsistency, which, quite possibly having precedents in life, is withal distinctly *gauche* in literature. In the case of either book, it tends to inhibit the unfolding of events from having that semblance of inevitability which, in all the best fiction, is a prominent characteristic. It suggests a want of premeditation on the novelist's part: in fine, a lack of that passion for form whereby alone the tub can be transformed into a Grecian urn.

But to repeat, Mr. Masefield's work presents a chiaroscuro; and if one side of his penumbra is very dark, the other is very bright. He illustrates one of the soundest of outstanding tendencies among the better writers of to-day, in that he has set his face resolutely against the ornate, the pompous; he has stood for the splendid qualities of straightforwardness, of simplicity. And he has compassed what is perennially among the hardest of feats — one of those mainly necessitating real originality, and sturdy intellectual independence — making an art out of matter little handled by earlier men, in particular the broad, grim humour of the common British sailor. When he writes autobiographical prose, as in places in *A Tarpaulin Muster*, one of the finest of all his books, he does not merely recount his emotions, but communicates them, makes them infectious, the feeling being received, furthermore, that these emotions have suffered no cooling in their transmission to the page. Several of the people in his novels are grandly vitalised, notably Stukeley in *Captain Margaret*, who provokes fully the aversion that an actual person of his nature would provoke; while sympathy cannot be withheld from Rhoda and Heseltine in *The Street of To-day*, a novel which Balzac himself would surely have admired much. For Balzac exalted the faculty of observation, rightly hailing it as one of the prime and positive constituents of genius; and this capacity is mirrored an hundredfold in Mr. Masefield's book, much of this subtle and critical observing being set forth, moreover, in a rarely crisp, epigrammatic fashion. The writer has a key, however, admitting to loftier styles than that; and, in the closing passage of *The Eternal Mercy*, there are clear, silvery notes, like those of a piccolo; while now and then he will write a haunting measure, as in the song in *The Faithful* which begins:

Sometimes, when guests have gone, the host remembers
Sweet courteous things unsaid;

or again in the epilogue to *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*:

And all their passionate hearts are dust,
And dust the great idea that burned,
In various flames of love and lust,
Till the world's brain was turned.

But his complete innocence from mental langour, above all the brilliant verve with which he tells his tales—these are what make him so refreshing, as refreshing as a breeze from the sea. These are what chiefly account for the thrill which is known, when opening any new book from his pen.

AWOI NO UYE: A PLAY BY UJINOBU

By EZRA POUND

INTRODUCTION

The rough draft of this play by Fenollosa and Hirata presents various difficulties. The play is one of the most profound of all the psychological Noh, and with the text before them even Japanese skilled in the art are diffident of insisting on the precise interpretation of certain passages. I wish to say quite simply that if I go wrong I shall be very grateful for correction from any scholar capable of providing it. In certain places it is necessary for me to choose one meaning or another. The poetry of the longer passages is, I think, substantially correct in our rendering, and certainly worth presenting even if the rest of the play were sheer chaos.

The story, as I understand it, is that the "Court Lady Awoi" (Flower-of-the-East) is jealous of the other and later co-wives of Genji. This jealousy reaches its climax and she goes off her head with it when her carriage is overturned and broken at the Kami festival. The play opens with the death-bed of Awoi, and in Mrs. Fenollosa's diary I find the statement that "Awoi, her struggles, sickness, and death are represented by a red, flowered kimono, folded once lengthwise and laid at the front edge of the stage."

The objective action is confined to the apparitions and exorcists. The demon of jealousy, tormenting Awoi, first appears in the form of the Princess Rakujo, then with the progress and success of the exorcism the jealous quintessence is driven out of this personal ghost and appears in its own truly demonic ("henya") form,— "That awful face with its golden eyes and horns revealed." The exorcist Miko is powerless against this demon, but the yamabushi exorcists "advancing against it making a grinding noise with the beads of their rosaries and striking against it" finally drive it away.

The ambiguities of certain early parts of the play seem mainly due to the fact that the "Princess Rokujo," the concrete figure on the stage, is a phantom or image of Awoi-no-Uye's own jealousy. That is to say, Awoi is tormented by her own passion, and this passion obsesses her first in the form of a personal apparition of Rokujo, then in demonic form.

This play was written centuries before Ibsen declared that life is a "contest with the phantoms of the mind." The difficulties of the translator have lain in separating what belongs to Awoi herself from the things belonging to the ghost of Rokujo, very much as modern psychologists might have difficulty in detaching the personality or memories of an obsessed person from the personal memories of the obsession. Baldly: an obsessed person thinks he is Napoleon; an image of his own thought would be confused with scraps relating perhaps to St. Helena, Corsica, and Waterloo.

The second confusion is the relation of the two apparitions. It seems difficult to make it clear that the "henya" has been cast out of the ghostly personality, and that it had been, in a way, the motive force in the ghost's actions. And again we cannot be too clear that the ghost is not actually a separate soul, but only a manifestation made possible through Awoi and her passion of jealousy. At least with this interpretation the play seems quite coherent and lucid.

Rokujo or Awoi, whichever we choose to consider her, comes out of hell-gate in a chariot "because people of her rank are always accustomed to go about in chariots. When they, or their ghosts, think of motion, they think of *going in a chariot*, therefore they take that form." There would be a model chariot shown somewhere at the back of the stage.

The ambiguity of the apparition's opening line is, possibly, to arouse the curiosity of the audience. There will be an air of mystery and they will not know whether it is to be the chariot associated with Genji's liaison with Yugawo, the

beautiful heroine of the play "Hajitomi," or whether it is the symbolic chariot drawn by a sheep, a deer, and an ox. But I think we are nearer the mark if we take Rokujo enigmatic line "I am come in three chariots" to mean that the formed idea of a chariot is derived from these events and from the mishap to Awoi's own chariot, all of which have combined and helped the spirit world to manifest itself concretely. Western students of ghostly folklore would tell you that the world of spirits is fluid and drifts about seeking shape. I do not wish to dogmatize on these points.

The Fenollosa-Hirata draft calls the manifest spirit "The Princess Rokujo," and she attacks Awoi (represented by the folded kimono). Other texts seem to call this manifestation "Awoi-no-Uye," i.e., her mind or troubled spirit, and this spirit attacks her body. It will be perhaps simpler for the reader if I mark her speeches simply "Apparition," and those of the second form "Henya."

I do not know whether I can make the matter more plain or summarize it other than by saying that the whole play is a dramatization, or externalization, of Awoi's jealousy. The passion makes her subject to the demon-possession. The demon first comes in a disguised and beautiful form. The prayer of the exorcist forces him first to appear in his true shape, and then to retreat.

But the "disguised and beautiful form" is not a mere abstract sheet of matter. It is a sort of personal or living mask, having a ghost life of its own; it is at once a shell of the princess, and a form, which is strengthened or made more palpable by the passion of Awoi.

Japanese art amounts to very little if the spectator expects to have things trepanned into him, but it is both profound and vigorous if the spectator will allow his faculties to act.

AWOI NO UYE

Scene in Kioto.

Daijin. I am a subject in the service of the Blessed Emperor Shujakuin. They have called in the priests and the high-priests for the sickness of Awoi-no-Uye of the house of Sadaijin. They prayed but the gods give no sign. I am sent to Miko the wise to bid him pray to the spirits. Miko, will you pray to the earth?

Miko.

*Tenshojo, chishojo,
Naigeshojo, Rakkonshojo.*

Earth, pure earth,
Wither, by the sixteen roots
(Wither this evil)!

Apparition. It may be, it may be, I come from the gate of hell in three coaches. I am sorry for Yugawo, and the carriage with broken wheels. And the world is plowed with sorrow as a field is furrowed with oxen. Man's life is a wheel on the axle, there is no turn whereby to escape. His hold is light as dew on the Basho leaf. It seems that the last spring's blossoms are only a dream in the mind. And we fools take it all, take it all as a matter of course. Oh, I am grown envious from sorrow. I come to seek 'consolation. (*Singing*) Though I lie all night hid for shame in the secret carriage looking at the moon for sorrow, yet I would not be seen by the moon.

Where Miko draws the magical bow,
I would go to set my sorrow aloud.

(*Speaking*) Where does that sound of playing come from? It is the sound of the bow of Adzusa!

Miko. Though I went to the door of the square building, Adzumaya

Apparition. you thought no one came to knock.

Miko. How strange! It is a lady of high rank whom I do not know. She comes in a broken carriage, a green wife clings to the shaft. She weeps. Is it . . .

Daijin. Yes, I think I know who it is. (*To the apparition*) I ask you to tell me your name.

Apparition. In the world of the swift-moving lightning I have no servant or envoi, neither am I consumed with self-pity. I came aimlessly hither, drawn only by the sound of the bow. Who do you think I am? I am the spirit of the Princess Rokujo, and when I was still in the world, spring was there with me. I feasted upon the cloud with the Sennin,¹ they shared in my feast of flowers. And on the Evening-of-Maple-leaves I had the moon for a mirror. I was drunk with colour and perfume. And for all my gay flare at that time I am now like a shut Morning-glory, awaiting the sunshine. And now I am come for a whim, I am come uncounting the hour, seizing upon no set moment. I would set my sorrow aside. Let someone else bear it awhile.

Chorus. Love turns back toward the lover, unkindness brings evil return. It is for no good deed or good purpose that you bring back a sorrow among us, our sorrows mount up without end.

Apparition. The woman is hateful! I cannot keep back my blows. (*She strikes.*)

Miko. No. You are a princess of Rokujo! How can you do such things? Give over. Give over.

Apparition. I cannot. However much you might pray. (*Reflectively, as if detached from her action, and describing it*) So she went toward the pillow, and struck. Struck.

Miko. Then standing up . . .

Apparition. This hate is only repayment.

¹ Spirits not unlike the Irish "Sidhe."

Miko. The flame of jealousy

Apparition. will turn on one's own hand and burn.

Miko. Do you not know?

Apparition. Know! This is a just revenge.

Chorus.

Hateful, heart full of hate,
Though you are full of tears
Because of others' dark hatred,
Your love for Genji
Will not be struck out
Like a fire-fly's flash in the dark.

Apparition. I, like a bush

Chorus.

. . . . am a body that has no root.
I fade as dew from the leaf,
Partly for that cause, I hate her,
My love cannot be restored
Not even in a dream.

It is a gleam cast up from the past. I am full of longing. I would be off in the secret coach, and crush her shade with me.

Daijin. Help. Awoi-no-Uye is sinking. Can you find Kohijiri of Tokokawa?

Kiogen. I will call him. I call him.

Waki (Kohijiri). Do you call me to a fit place for prayer? To the window of the nine wisdoms; to the cushion of the ten ranks, to a place full of holy waters; and where there is a clear moon?

Kiogen. Yes, yes.

Waki. How should I know? I do not go about in the world. You come from the Daijin. Wait. I am ready. I will come. (*He crosses the stage or bridge.*)

Daijin. I thank you for coming.

Waki. Where is the patient?

Daijin. She is there on that bed.

Waki. I will begin the exorcism at once.

Daijin. I thank you. Please do so.

Waki (beginning the ritual). Then Gioja called upon En No Giojo, and he hung about his shoulders a cloak that had swept the dew of the seven jewels in climbing the peaks of Tai and of Kori in Uoshine. He wore the cassock of forbearance to keep out unholy things. He took the beads of red wood, the square beads with hard corners, and whirling and striking, said prayer. But one prayer.

Namaku, Samanda, Basarada.

(During this speech the "Apparition" has disappeared. That is, the first "Shite," the "Princess of Rokujo." Her costume was "The under kimono black satin, tight from the knees down, embroidered with small, irregular, infrequent circles of flowers; the upper part, stiff gold brocade, just shot through with purples, greens, and reds.")

(The Henya has come on. Clothed in a scarlet hakama, white upper dress, and "The terrible mask with golden eyes." She has beld a white scarf over her head. She looks up. Here follows the great dance climax of the play.)

Henya (threatening). O, Gioja, turn back! Turn back, or you rue it.

Waki. Let whatever evil spirit is here bow before Gioja, and know that Gioja will drive it out. *(He continues whirling the rosary.)*

Chorus (invoking the powerful good spirits). On the East stand Gosanzu Miowo.

Henya (opposing other great spirits). On the South stand Gundari Yasha.

Chorus. On the West stand Dai Uaka Miowo.

Henya. On the North stand Kongo. . . .

Chorus. Yasha Miowo.

Henya. In the middle Dai Sai

Chorus.

Tudo Miowo
Namaku Samanda Basarada!
Senda Wakaroshara Sowataya
Wun tarata Kamman,
Choga Sessha Tokudai Chiye
Chiga Shinja Sokushin Johutsu.

Henry (overcome by the exorcism). O, terrible names of the spirits. This is my last time. I cannot return here again.

Chorus. By hearing the scripture the evil spirit is melted. Bosatsu came hither, his face was full of forbearance and pity. Pity has melted her heart, and she has gone into Buddha. Thanksgiving.

THE MAN WHO SAVED STEVENSON

By N. TOURNEUR

The derelict old tradesman, who once kept a tiny, shabby restaurant in Pine Street, Monterey, appears to have been overlooked by the majority of R. L. S. admirers. Yet, but for him, it is highly probable that *Tusitala* would not have been, for Simoneau is the man who saved Stevenson. That R. L. himself never forgot the debt he owed is on evidence in certain of his letters to the Frenchman: "From the bottom of my heart, dear and kind old man, I hold your good memory very close, and I will guard it till death. . . . If there was one man who was good to me, that man was Jules Simoneau"—eating-house keeper.

Jules Simoneau, "a jolly old Frenchman," as Stevenson describes him, "the stranded fifty-eight-year-old wreck of a good-hearted, dissipated and once wealthy Nantais tradesman," had chanced on the writer, while the latter in 1879 was at Monterey, ill and lonely, and hopelessly confined to his bed. Moneyless, he was also at the point of starvation. But forthwith and insistently Simoneau devoted himself and his Mexican wife to the sick Scotsman, nursing him tenderly in his spare minutes, and daily bringing him nourishment of the best and choicest of his bill of fare.

When Stevenson was able to crawl once more into the golden sunshine of the somnolent then Mexican town, and trail along the neglected streets with their adobe houses and all the picturesque lazy life about the saloons, he became, naturally, a frequenter of Simoneau's, where he was ever welcome like other fellow Bohemians, for a meal, a talk, a game of chess, or other pleasant amenity of friendship.

Says R. L.: "Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants—and I believe it, other things being equal, to be unrivalled—one particular house of entertain-

ment stands forth alone. . . . To the front it was part barber's shop, part bar; to the back there was a kitchen and a *salle à manger*. The intending diner found himself in a little, chill, bare, adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables, and adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed on the wall in the manner of Barbizon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was always laid with a not spotless napkin, and by way of epergne, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate."

But of the kind and generous host, to whom it mattered but little whether the son of genius had money or not to pay his shot, the writer has left no pen-portrait. By journalistic hands of a much later decade, that has been delineated, but after age and vicissitudes had left their mark on kind and amiable Simoneau. Yet even then his smiling wrinkled face and beetling brows, the shaggy eyebrows bent above the mild and sympathetic blue eyes, the large, shapely nose, and the refined and mobile mouth tell enough of the Samaritan whose ministrations relieved R.L. in illness and want.

Stevenson and Simoneau came in contact with each other only for about four months, but thereby a lifelong friendship was cemented. In the years ensuing, letters passed between them, and copies of the novelist's works found their way to Pine Street, one after the other, as they appeared, nearly all of them inscribed by the author, "To mon cher and bon ami Simoneau." These subsequently were eagerly sought after by collectors, but, when asked to sell, Jules would often draw forth *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and silently point to the fly-leaf, whereon: "But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau, if one forgot the other, would be stranger still."

Some years ago, when Simoneau—who had fallen on bad times, and was no longer strong enough to stand in the streets and peddle tamales (cakes of maize, olives, minced meat, and

peppers, wrapped in the husks of Indian corn)—had many offers for his set of Stevenson's works—one individual tempting him with two thousand dollars, another with two hundred and fifty dollars, for the pamphlet dealing with Father Damien—he always shook his head, and repeated that the books were not for sale at any price. Though, later on, poverty gripped his small household, the collection of books in the bamboo bookcase by the parlour window remained unsold. One wonders what happened to the precious volumes on the death of Jules, who was stricken by the decease of his wife early in 1908, and a few months later followed, at the age of eighty-eight.

His restaurant, where, as R. L. writes, "you would hear Simoneau all about the kitchen and rattling the dishes," and the lonely Scotsman found brightness and cheer in solitariness, ill-health, and penury, was burned in the holocaust overtaking Monterey in 1906.

NOTES

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, of the British Museum, has asked *The Quarterly Notebook* to state that he is endeavouring to develop, in the Museum's collection of prints, a series of bookplates by well-known engravers, kept as groups under the engravers' names. Mr. Dodgson will be glad to hear from bookplate owners willing to enrich the Museum's collection with prints of their own bookplates or with any duplicates they may have.

Mr. Wm. McArthur, of 79 Talbot Street, Dublin, Honorary Local Secretary for the Society of Genealogists, will be grateful for information concerning books of fiction published in America but with scenes laid in Ireland. The data is desired for a forthcoming publication.

CORRESPONDENCE

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ELIZA LYNN LINTON,
AND JULIA LANDOR

To the Editor of *The Quarterly Notebook*.

SIR:—In *The Yale Review* for January, 1916, Beulah B. Amram writes an essay on *Swinburne and Carducci* that is above reproach, except for two errors. One is the common mistake of calling Swinburne a classicist, whereas, though a Grecian, no one was more a romanticist than he. The other is perhaps the more pardonable one,—except among “specialists,”—of referring to Mrs. Lynn Lyndon (the name should be Lynn Linton) as the daughter of Walter Savage Landor.

Swinburne prefaced his *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor* (*Studies in Song*, 1880) with a *Dedication to Mrs. Lynn Linton*. The first half of the poem reads:

Daughter in spirit elect and consecrate
By love and reverence of the Olympian sire
Whom I too loved and worshipped, seeing so great,
And found so gracious toward my long desire
To bid that love in song before his gate
Sound, and my lute be loyal to his lyre.
To none save one it now may dedicate
Song's new burnt-offering on a century's pyre.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, then, was only daughter in spirit to Swinburne's Olympian sire.

The eulogy of Landor that undoubtedly called forth Swinburne's panegyric, namely E. Lynn Linton's *Reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor* in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1870, is one of the triumphs of appreciations in English. I can only think of Colvin on Stevenson, Symons on Dowson, or Le Gallienne on Meredith to compare with it. So ardent a defence of the passionate old man deserves wide reading, and excuses quotation. “For twelve years Mr. Landor held with me the place of a father,” says she, “ever indulgent, kind and generous, I being at all times like his loving and dutiful child. Hence I am better qualified to speak of him personally than any other of his literary friends.” And later, “I stayed with him long and often, and I never had one moment's coolness with him; never the faintest shadow of misunderstanding or displeasure. I was afraid of him, granted; as was befitting one standing in the relation of daughter to a father so infinitely superior to herself. I loved him then, and I love his memory

now, as that of a dear and honoured father, and I am not ashamed to confess my awe and fear." And again, "For twelve, long, dear years, we were father and daughter; we never called each other anything else; he never signed himself to me, or wrote to me, as anything else; and in the last sad clouded days of his life, had not the circumstances of my own life been so changed as to render it impossible, I would have gone with him to Italy, and I would not have left him again while he lived."

That Landor was signally appreciative of the devotion of his foster-daughter appears from Forster's statement that Landor replaced a dedication to his *Last Fruit Off an Old Tree* to that strange man of genius whom Landor admired and Forster disliked,—Thomas Lovell Beddoes,—by one to Mrs. Lynn Linton. Stephen Wheeler, again, notes in his *Letters and Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor* that Landor wished a copy of his *Letters of a Canadian* sent to Monckton Milnes, Kenneth Mackenzie, and Mrs. Linton. Verses to her as the author of *Amyone, a Romance of Pericles*, were published by Landor in the *Examiner* of July 22, 1847.¹ Finally, in a letter to Mrs. Graves-Sawle,² he says of the "good Luisina," granddaughter of "Ianthe," and of Eliza Lynn, who came to see him on Saturday, "What a charm it is even at the close of life to be cared for by the beautiful and gentle, and to see them come out from the warm sunshine and the sweet flowers toward us in the chilliness of our resting place. This is charity, the charity of the Graces."

From such passages, the student of *Mrs. Lynn Linton, Her Life, Letters and Opinions*, as George Somers Layard calls his book about her, sees that as the foremost opponent of the cruder aspects of Women's Rights, Mrs. Linton, with her ideal of the "old-fashioned girl," practiced the devotion she preached. Meredith criticized her books as "very sour in tendency, hard in style, forced, and exemplifying the author's abhorrence of the emancipation of young females from their ancient rule." Yet her *Girl of the Period*, in the *Saturday Review* of March 14, 1869, is almost as fair a reading of the Sex from one point of view in her day and ours as Meredith's more searching analyses from another. In her married life, unluckily for her theories, Mrs. Linton was unhappy; but her heart continued to go out with undiminished affection to Landor. She not only watched over him with jealous care while he lived, but she took Forster's life of him to task when he was dead. "With all his passion, ferocity, and coarseness when roused," she wrote in the *North British Review* of 1869, "there

¹ Stephen Wheeler: *Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public*, pp. 172, 173.

² B. W. Matz: *George Meredith as Publisher's Reader, Fortnightly Review*, N. S., 86286.

was an amount of purity or feeling in him unequalled, and a capacity for the most refined and idyllic tenderness as great as was his capacity for anger, pride and hatred. Mr. Forster makes but little account of this."

Finally, we should not forget that in addition to the fatherly regard he felt for Rose Paynter, Miss Kate Field and Eliza Lynn Linton, Landor had a daughter of his own, Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor. His references to her in his letters to Rose Paynter are affectionate and touching. After the break with his wife he saw little of his children. In 1843, however, Julia and her brother Walter were to visit him at Bath. In expectation of their coming Landor wrote the lines to his daughter that appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1843:

By that dejected city, Arno runs,
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons.
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies.
And thence, my little wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, thee, too, the Hours on silent wing
Brought, while anemonies were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground,
Where stood fair Florence; there thy voice first blest
My ear, and sank like balm into my breast:
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten were in store.
But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptur'd brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face,
And all that Rumour has announced of grace!
I urge, with fevered breast, the four-month day.
O! could I sleep to wake again in May.

His Julia came, and he put the thought of losing her again from him. But she had promised to be away only six months. "My Julia went by the steamer on Sunday," he writes to Rose Paynter, 1843. "The weather was very boisterous. I rose several times in the night and attempted by putting my hand out of the window to ascertain in which point was the wind. . . . My dear Julia wished not only to be with me, but alone with me as much as possible. We parted in unutterable grief, but youth and fresh scenes will soon assuage all hers. That is enough.

"Adieu, dear Rose."

WM. CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, California.

GIFTS TO INSTITUTIONS

To the Editor of *The Quarterly Notebook*.

SIR:—One of the most enjoyable pleasures of collecting books, engravings, bookplates, autographs, and what not, is to share your acquisitions and discoveries with another man of similar tastes, either by showing them to him in your library or by presenting them to him. In the same manner it is a pleasure to present books and other literary properties to public libraries, the pleasure being materially enhanced if the recipients are duly grateful.

There are few men who will neglect to thank you or to acknowledge, in some form or other, the gifts bestowed upon them. Some institutions are, however, exceedingly negligent in such acknowledgment, among them several libraries in this country, merely thanking you with a postal card in the most perfunctory way, while still others await the issue of an annual report to thank their donors.

On the other hand, small gifts to the leading libraries in England have been acknowledged with engraved forms, bearing additions in the hand-writing of officials to show their appreciation. I have frequently mentioned the subject to officials connected with the institutions here, and I am glad to report a change in some instances.

Another grievance is that many of the gifts are immediately hidden from public gaze. I refer especially now to gifts of bookplates. I have been the donor, to many libraries, of a large number of etchings and engravings in the form of bookplates by American artists, and I have yet to hear of their being placed on public exhibition. In fact I have been told that it is sometimes difficult to obtain permission to examine bookplates in some institutions.

The primary object of a donor of bookplates is to have the specimens exhibited as works of art, and our institutions will do well to see that the public is given access to them in the simplest manner possible.

Truly yours, J. M. ANDREINI.

29 West 75th St., New York, April 5.

“GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES”

To the Editor of *The Quarterly Notebook*.

SIR:—Will you permit me to bring a matter of much moment to the attention of your readers? I hope you will, for the subject seems one of superlative importance.

Every citizen of the United States should have his attention called to an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1916, entitled “German Pro-

paganda in the United States," and written by Mr. Gustavus Ohlinger. The paper clearly exposes the pernicious practices resorted to by various German-American societies to bring undue influence to bear on the government and people since the beginning of the war. It further reveals almost unbelievable efforts on the part of the various German organizations in America to achieve "nothing less than the complete Germanizing of the United States."

In the light of Mr. Ohlinger's research, the proposal is by no means as absurd as may seem at first glance. It should be the duty of every thinking person to acquaint himself with what is going on in our midst through the facts set forth in this article. I say "facts" advisably, since the editors of the *Atlantic* have taken the pains to verify them and to quote the sources at which anyone may verify them.

It is to be hoped that this wonderful article will not remain buried in the pages of a periodical, but that it will be reprinted and made available to the large public that it so deserves to reach. Every American citizen should know precisely what *The National German-American Alliance* has done and is trying to do. I beg to remain,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT H. NISBET.

Kansas City, Mo., April 3.

THE QUARTERLY NOTEBOOK

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The original intention of presenting Mr. Blaikie-Murdoch's *Homage to Watteau* in our initial issue has been relinquished in favor of his study of Mr. John Masefield, of more timely interest. The paper in appreciation of Watteau will appear in an early issue.

The present issue will serve to show the general lines along which *The Quarterly Notebook* will be conducted. The editor will be glad to consider literary contributions by interested readers, and suggestions for enlarging the publication's field of interest will also be welcome.

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MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

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